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THE
State of Rome,
UNDER
NERO and DOMITIAN:

A
SATIRE.

CONTAINING,

A List of Nobles, Senators, High Priests, Great
Ministers of State, &c. &c. &c.

By Messrs. JUVENAL and PERSIUS. *K.*

The SECOND EDITION, Corrected.

Alter & Idem.



L O N D O N:

Printed for C. CORBETT, Bookseller and Publisher, at
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(Price One Shilling.)

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State of Rome,

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WHAT! still be plagu'd and never take the
Scourge,
Whilst Loads of Venal Trash my Ven-
geance urge?

Shall *Sporus*' Epigrams, and *Codrus*' Odes,
Unpunish'd, haunt their Sovereign's *blest*'d Abodes?
Shall *Bulbus*, *Lubio*, all the hireling Hounds
Bark on, unlash'd, protected by their Gowns?
Shall *Scurrio*, *Eubulus*, and *A B C*,
Leave in the Chandler's Shops no room for me?
No, tho' the Stage be interdicted quite,
The Prefs yet open, *Romans* still may Write.
On then, and fearless rhyme in *Graccus*' Spite.

¹ *Semper ego auditor tantum? nunquamne reponam,
Vexatus toties rauci Theseide Codri?
Impune ergo mihi recitaverit ille togatas,
Hic elegos? impune diem consumpserit ingens
Telephus? —*

— *Stulta est clementia, cum tot ubique
Vatibus occurras, periturae parcere chartae.*

But .

But why, with Rage, I grasp the Satire's Rod,
² Why tread the Paths that keen *Lucilius* trod,
 Attend the Causes which my Ire provoke;
 When *Roman* Sailors feel the *Spaniard's* Yoke,
 By all forsaken, and despis'd by all,
 When *Latium* trembles at the Name of *Gaul*;
 When black Corruption spreads her Wings around,
 And Brib'ry, bare-fac'd, stalks the Senate Ground;
³ When *Fair Crispinus*, pretty Man of Wit!
 Dare's in his Master's Ear his Venom spit;
 Who trips about the Town in *Tyrian* Dye,
 A gaudy, glitt'ring, flutt'ring, teasing Fly;
 By whom each fair one may be---what? why fann'd,
 So fond's the *Thing* to shew his *Lady-Hand*.
 When mad *Santurius* may unhang'd go on,
 To make Men drunk, then stab 'em when h'as done,
 And hanging * athirst for human Gore
 Condemn his *half-try'd Culprits* by the Score,
⁴ When each Place swarms with such a shameless Crew,
 What Pen holds Gall to give 'em all their due?
 And yet to see all this and to refrain,
 What Ribs of Iron can my Gall contain?

² *Cur tamen hoc libeat opius decurrere campo,
 Per quem magnus equos auruncæ flexit alumnus
 Si vacat, & placidi rationem admittitis, edam.
 Cum tener uxorem ducat Spado: Mævia Tuscam
 Figat aprum, & nuda teneat venabula mamma:*

³ *Cum pars Niliacæ plebis, cum verna Canopi
 Crispinus, Tyrias humero revocante lacernas,
 Ventilet æstivum digitis sudantibus aurum.*

⁴ *Difficile est Satyram non scribere. Nam quis iniquæ
 Tam patiens urbis, tam ferreus, ut teneat se?
 Quid referam, quanta siccum jecur ardeat ira,
 Cum populum gregibus comitum premat hic spoliator
 Pupilli prostantis? —*

Fierce Indignation boils within my Veins,
 To see big Sharpers proud with impious Gains
 Roll in their Cars, and boast their knavish Mains.
 With what Resentment must the Muse behold,
 The *Wife* brought over by her *Spouse* and sold,
 Who has taught Eyes up to the Ceiling throws,
 Hears the Jobb done, then back to *B---* goes.
 What Age so vast a Crop of Follies bore,
 When was each Vice so dignify'd before?
 None, none can e'er out-do us --- future Times 45
 Can't add one Scruple to our present Crimes;
 Our Sons but the same Things can wish and do,
 Each Vice is at the highest it can go.
 Spread, Satire, spread thy Wings, and fearless fly
 To seize thy Prey, tho' lurking ne'er so high. 50
 If Nature could not, Anger would indite,
 And, thus provok'd, e'en *Codrus*' self might write;
 But hold, what Folly! how dar'st thou again
 Speak dangerous Truths, or spoken how maintain?

5 Cum lens accipiat mæchi bona, si capiendi
 Jus nullum uxori, doctus spectare lacunar,
 Et quando uberior virorum copia? quando
 Major avaritiæ patuit sinus? —
 Nil erit ulterius, quod nostris moribus addat
 Posteritas. —
 Eadem cupient facientque minores.

6 Omne in præcipiti vitium stetit. utere velis,
 Totos pande sinus. dicas hic forsitan, unde
 Ingenium par materiæ? unde illa priorum
 Scribendi, quodcumque animo flagrante liberet,
 Simplicitas, cuius non audeo dicere nomen?

* Si Natura negat, facit Indignatio versum.

When *Roman* Liberty's so far bereft
 The Honest Heart --- that scarce the Name is left.
 E're *Scandalum Magnatum* was begot
 7 No matter if his Lordship winch'd or not.
 But now if Freedom with the Great, you take,
 If into Rogues omnipotent you rake,
 ----'s your Doom, or you must flie Abroad,
 To scape the Scourge of the devouring Rod.
 Muse be advis'd, be cautious of your Ears,
 Hold, hold in Time --- a Summons from the ----s,
 A Summons from the ----s, well let it come;
 Not till next *Ides of March*, I meet my Doom,
 And none, in *Rome*, if such gross Vices thrive,
 Another *Ides of March* would chuse, to live.

By Heav'n I'am Sick on't -- 8 O were I convey'd,
 Where *Lapland* Ice obstructs the Merchant's Trade;
 When Vice in Triumph lords it thro' the Land,
 And titl'd Knaves support her on each Hand;
 When ev'ry Fool's prefer'd, when Villany
 Grows rich and great, and Cheats alone are free;
 When Beardless Misers, Brutes unknown before
 Wait hourly to be Bought at ----'s Door;

7 *Quid refert dictis ignoscat Mutius, an non ?*
 --- tecum prius ergo voluta
Hec animo ante tubas; galeatum sero duelli.

8 *Ultra Sauromitas fugere hinc libet, & glaciale
 Oceanum, quoties aliquid de moribus audent,
 Qui Curios simulant, & Bacchanalia vivunt,
 Indocti primum :*

When *B*---s and *T*-----s ev'ry where you meet,
 And *C*---s and *W*-----s choak up ev'ry Street;
 9 When *W*---d's, the cock Priest, -- that puling Sot,
 Just flip'd the Shell, and in a Tunick got,
 Yet boasts ten Thousand Boobies in his Train,
 Gaping to catch the Ooze of his mad Brain;
 * When *T*-----te both Sexes acts, before
 A vile Indorser, and behind a Whore;
 And 'twixt the Males of *O*---n, Scenes are past
 Which make old *D*---'s leud Nocturnals chaste.
 10 Say *Dear Swintonius* what detested Clime,
 Taught *Latium*'s learned Sons so dire a Crime?
 Thro' what curst Cause do these Distempers rage?
 What, Why the base corrupt corrupting Age; 90
 No liberal Science finds the least Support,
 No social Virtue meets one Friend at Court;
 No Profit rises from the licens'd Stage,
 No-Licence granted to the Truth-fraught Page;
 11 None rais'd, none lov'd, but He who loves the Times,
 Who's skill'd in dark Intrigues, and plung'd in
 Crimes,

9 *Non tulit ex illis torvum Laronia quemdam
 Clamentem toties, ubi nunc lex Julia? dorims?
 Ad quem ita subridens: Felicia tempora, quæ se
 Morbis opponunt: habeat jam Roma pudorum.*

* *Hispo subit Juvenes, et morba pallet utroque.*

10 — *O, pater urbis
 Unde nefas tantum Latiis pastoribus? —
 Quando artibus inquit honestis
 Nullus in urbe locus, nulla emolumenta Laborum,*

11 *Quis nunc diligitur, nisi concius, et cui fervens
 Æstuat occultis animus Semperque tacendis?
 — Græcum urbem non possum ferre, Querites,*

Virtue and Knowledge, all, aloud, deride,
 Learning and Wit's industriously decry'd;
 No Bounty's felt but what the Great advance
 To glut the Scum of *Italy*, and *France*.

¹² Where rank Adult'ers break the Nuptial State,
 And scarce a Bed but feels a Foreign Weight;
 Where no one Woman for one Man seems meant,
 But sooner with one Leg would be content:
 In ev'ry Street the *Belides* appear, 1105
 And *Clytemnestra's* sprout up every where.

¹⁴ Here if one honest Man I chance to View
 Above base Int'rest, and to Friendship true;
 One Woman chaster than the common Crew,
 I rank them with the Prodigies of Fame,
 And marvel whence the lovely Monsters came.
¹⁵ Worse than the Iron Age now onward moves,
 For constant Use our Vices so improves,
 That baff'd Nature's at a Loss to frame;
 A Metal base enough to give the Age a Name:
 'Tis Time, high Time to fly this shameful Place,
 Where Truth nor Justice dare not shew the Face.

¹² *Antiquum et vetus est alienum, Posthume Lectum*
Concuture, —
Unus Iberinae vir sufficit? Ocyus illud
Extorquebis, ut haec oculo contenta sit uno.

¹³ *Occurrunt multae tibi Belides —*
Mane Clytemnestram nullus non Vicus habebit.

¹⁴ *Nunc si depositum non inficietur amicus*
Si reddat Veterem cum tota aerugine follem,
Prodigiosa fides, & Tuscis digna Libellis.

¹⁵ *Nona etas agitur perjoraeque secula ferri*
Temporibus quorum scelere non invenit ipsa
Nomen, et a nullo posuit Natura metallo.

(16) Here let *Arturius* live, and such as He,
Such Manners will with such a Land agree;
Chiefs who, in Senates, have the golden Knack
Of turning Truth to Lies, and White to Black.
Who build vast Halls to lodge their *wedded Whore*,
And by Excise and Taxes starve the Poor.

(17) Here *Sporus* live—and once more feel my Rage
Once and again I drag thee on the Stage;
Male-female Thing, without one Virtue made,
Fit only for the *Pathick's* loathsome Trade:
Feeble and weak in all that's good and right,
And only strong in Impudence and Spite.
What tho' by Blood thou strut'st a gaudy Peer?
What tho' thou nestlest's in thy Master's Ear?
No Ill Man's happy — least of all are they
Whose Study's to corrupt, revile, betray.

(18) What's the Advantage *Junius*, or the Good
That you can boast a rich paternal Blood?
Vain are their Hopes who fancy to inherit,
By Trees of Pedigree, or Fame, or Merit,
Tho' plodding Heralds, thro' each Branch may trace
Old Captains, or old *Gen'als* of their Race,

C

While

(16) ————— *Vivant ARTURIUS istic,*
Et Catulus: Maneant qui nigra in candida Vertunt,
Queis facile est ædem conducere, flumina, Portus
Et præbere caput Dominâ venale sub bastâ.

(17) *Ecce iterum Crispinus; Et est mihi sæpe vocandus*
Ad Partes, monstrum nulla Virtute redemptum
A Vitiis, æger, solaque libidine fortis:
Quid refert igitur, quantis Jumenta fatiget
Porticibus, quanta Nemorum vegetetur in umbra?
Nemo malus felix, minime corruptor —————

(18) *Stemmata quid faciunt? quid prodest, Pontice, longo*
Sanguine censerî?
Quis fructus generis tabula jactare cupaci
Corvisum. —————

————— *Effigies quo*
Tot Bellatorum, si luditur alea pernox
Ante Numantinos?

While their base Deeds their Ancestors belie,
And grieve the Brass, that stands dishonour'd by.

(19) How can'st thou *Junius* in mock Triumph bear
Names gain'd by Conquest in the *Gallic* War?

(20) Who, who will call those Noble that deface,
By meaner Acts, the Glories of their Race?

Whose only Title to their Father's Fame,
Is couch'd in the dead Letters of their Name.

A Dwarf as well a Giant's Name may bear,
Or the puff'd Ass the Lyon's Mantle wear.

(21) To whom, you'll ask, is this Correction due?
Why really *Junius* it is meant for you.

Who deem your Person Second to Divine,
Because descended from a god-like Line;

Tho' yet but *one* illustrious Act you've done,
Forsook your Chief, and from your Colours run:

(22) Great Son of *Troy*, who e're extoll'd a Beast,
For being of a Race above the rest?

For if fleet *Victor's* Progeny at last
Prove's a mere Jade and in each Match is cast,

No favour for the Stallion we retain,
No Reverence for the weak degenerate Strain;

That

(19) *Cur Allobrogicis & magna gaudeat arâ
Natus in Herculeo Fabius lare? si cupidus, si
Vanus, & Euganea quantumvis mollior agna?*

(20) — *Quis enim generosum dixerit hunc, qui
Indignus genere, & præclaro Nomine tantum
Insignis? Nanum cujusdam atlanta vocamus;
— Canibus pigris Scabiæque Vetusta
Lævibus, & sicæ lambentibus ora Lucernæ,
Nomen erat Leo.*

(21) *His ego quem monui? tecum est mihi sermo, Rubelli
Plance,*

— *Tumes alto Drusorum Sanguine, tanquam
Feceris ipse aliquid, propter quod nobilis esses.*

(22) *Dic mihi, Teucrorum proles, animalia muta
Quis generosa putet, nisi fortia, nempe volucrem
Sic laudamus Equum, facilis cui plurima Palma
Fervet, & exultat rauco victoria circo.*

That we may therefore you, not your's, admire,
 First, Sir, some Honour of your own acquire;
 Add to that Stock which justly we bestow
 On the *great Shade* to whom your Blood you owe:

(23) Let your own Acts immortalize your Name,
 Your Grandfires Glory will your Stains proclaim,
 And to a clearer Light expose your Shame.

“ For still more public Scandal Vice attends,

“ As he is great and noble who offends:

(24) But War's no more you'll say, there's left no
 Room,

To prove our Swords – the Soldier, pent at home,

In Sloth and Riots places his Delight,

Bumper's all Day, and Harlots ev'ry Night.

But hold, War's Rumour! mark the loud Alarms!

Hark the shrill Clarion sounds to Arms, to Arms!

(25) Shou'd (Heav'n avert it!) any desperate Fate

Summon all Heads and Hands to guard the State,

Send quick *Arturius* to secure the Port,

“ Where are the *Generals*, where do they resort?

Send to the Bagnio there you're sure to find

The *unfledg'd* Hectors coupling with their Kind!

(26) Go

Nobilis hic, quocumque venit de gramine, cujus.

-Clara Fuga ante alios, & primus in Æquore pulvis.

Sed Venale Pecus Corythæ Posteritas &

Hirpini, si rara jugo Victoria sedet;

Nil ibi majorum respectus, gratia nulla

Umbrarum.

Ergo ut miremur te, non tua, primum aliquid da

Quod possim Titulis incidere preter Honores,

Quos illis damus, & dedimus, quibus omnia debes.

(23) ——— *Miserum est al ænæ incumbere Farnæ,*

Ne collapsa ruant Subductis tecta Columbæ.

Incipit ipsorum contra te Stare Parentum

Nobilitas, Claramque Facem preferre pudendis.

Omne animi Vitium tanto conspectius in te

Crimen habet, quanto Major, qui peccat, habetur.

(24) ——— *Pinguis Damascippus ad illos*

Thermarum calices, inscriptaque Linthea vadit,

Maturus bello Armenie.

(25) ——— *Præstare Neronem,*

Securum valet hæc Ætas. Mitte Ostia Cæsar,

Mitte; sed in Magnâ legatum quere Popinâ.

Invenies aliquo cum percussore jacentem.

(26) Go to the Booths where Feats of Fist are
shewn,

There you'll find *Carlo*, from *Patrician*, grown
A Boxer and the Scandal of the Town.

Room for the noble Master Champion — See!
His *mien Majestic* shews his Quality.

(27) This very *Carlo* whom we lately saw,
Flutt'ring about with *Six* in his *Landau*
Is forc'd to make the Stage his last Retreat,
And owe, to *Harlequin's* Grimace, his Meat;
For now he's forc'd, since his Estate is lost,
To make --- act, or be himself a Ghost.

(28) Strange! He who knew so well to shake the
Dice,
And dext'rously to throw the lucky *Sice*;
To shun *Ames-ace* that swept the Stakes away,
Should leave no Gleanings for a rainy Day!

(29) Shameful are these Examples --- Yet we find
To *Rome's* Disgrace, far worse than these behind.

(30) Great Father of the Gods, when for our Crimes,
Thou send'st some heavy Judgment on the Times;
Some Tyrant King, the Terror of his Age,
The Type and true Vicegerent of thy Rage,
Thus punish him ---- Set Virtue in his Sight,
Dress'd in her Charms, with all her Graces bright;
But set her distant --- make him pale to see
His Gains outweigh'd by lost Felicity.

But

(26) *R's* *baud mira tamen. citbarædo principe mimus*
Nobilis: hæc ultra, quid erit nisi ludus? & illic
Dedecus urbis habes.

(27) *Consumptis opibus Vocem, Damasppe, locasti*
Sipario, clamorū Ageres ut Phasma Catulli.

(28) *Jure etenim id Summum, quid dexter Senio ferret,*
Scire erat in Voto; damnoſa canicula quantum
Raderet.

(29) *Quid, si nunquam adeo fædis adeoque pudendis*
Utimur Exemplis, ut non pejora supersint?

(30) *Magne pater Divum, Sævos punire Tyrannos*
Haud alia ratione velis, cum dira libido
Moverit Ingenium ferventi tincta Veneno;
Virtutem videant, intabescantque relicta.

But hold, I hold Muse, you moralize too long,

Come ! wake your Reader with some merry Song.

³⁴ Begin, Calliope, a Tale to sing,

Of some ~~past~~ Booby Greek, or Roman King.

What Roman King ? Why Nero let it be.

Well, but his Times with * ours can ne'er agree.

Um-- why that's true, — O no, not in the least.

I only tell, and not apply the Jest.

³⁵ When he with whom the *Flavian* Race decay'd,

The servile World with Iron Scepter sway'd,

When strutting *Nero* reign'd, and venal *Rome* obey'd,

On distant Coasts, where *Spanish* Turrets rise,

A Fish was taken of a monstrous Size,

The Wise Commander of the Boat and Lines,

The Capture for the Emperor designs ;

³⁶ And now he reach'd the Stream, where Poor Remains

Of *Alba's* Freedom still its Name retains ;

The wond'ring Croud that to strange Sights resort,

And choak'd a while his Passage to the Court,

At length gives way ; ope flies the Palace Gate,

The Turbut enters, and's received with State.

³⁴ *Incipe Calliope, licet hic consideret : non est Cantandum, res vera agitur.*

³⁵ *Cum jam Semianimum laceraret Flavius Orbem
Ultimus, & calvo serviret Roma Neroni,
Incidit Adriaci spatium admirabile Rhombi :
Destinat hoc monstrum cymbæ linique Magister,
Pontifici summo.*

³⁶ *Utque lacus suberant, ubi, quanquam diruta, servat
Ignem Trojanum——
Obstitit intranti miratrix turba parumper ;
Ut cessit, facili patuerant cardine valvæ.*

* *Juvenal* wrote this Story in *Domitian's* Time.

³⁷ But, O hard Fate! the Palace Stores, no Dish
 Afford, capacious of the mighty Fish.
¹ Call, *Cæsar* cries, my trusty Senate straight;
 This great Affair demands their sage Debate.
 What with this *Spanish* Monster we must do,
Fathers, I'll graciously appeal to you.
 The Hall is swept, the wise Patricians come,
 To canvas, as they deem, the State of *Rome*.
² Cunning *Veiento*, lo! and by his Side
 The great *Catullus*, leaning on his Guide,
 Decrepid, yet a furious Lover He,
 And deeply smit with Charms he scarce can see;
 Whose Levee's daily crowded with Resort
 Of a depending, gaping, fervile Court.
³ Who grants all Honours of the Sword, and Gown,
 Glads with a Nod, and ruins with a Frown;
 Who led his Emp'r in a String, and sway'd
 That Prince whom once the subject World obey'd;
⁴ Who the stiff Pride of *Roman* Nobles broke,
 And bent their haughty Necks beneath his Yoke;
 Thus raising a top-heavy Tow'r, whose Weight
 Crush'd him at last --- no unexpected Fate;

³⁷ *Sed decrat Pisci patinæ Mensura.*

¹ *Vocantur*
Ergo in concilium proceres.

² *Et cum mortifero prudens Veiento Catullo,*
Qui nunquam visæ flagrabat amore puellæ.

³ *atque illi sellas donare curules?*
Illum exercitibus præponere?

⁴ *Nam qui nimios optabat honores,*
Et nimias poscebat opes, numerosa parabit
Excelsæ turris tabulata, unde altior esset

For few such Wretches to the Shades descend
 By a dry Death, or by a glorious End
 * None more cry'd up the *Fish*, -- He, in it's Praise,
 With Zeal his Voice, with Zeal his Hands did raise.

⁵ Nor came *Veiento* short, but as inspir'd,
 With his great Leader's Gold and Spirit fir'd,
⁶ Prophetic, cries, "The happy Omen see,
 Of fruitful Peace, or glorious Victory.
 Some captive King shall *Cæsar's* Prowess own,
 And proud aspiring *Gaul* come tumbling down.
 The Golden Age, O *Rome*! returns to thee,
 Thy Power unbounded, and thy Commerce free;
 The Merchant's Plunderer shall his Prey restore,
 And Harpies range the *Indian Seas* no more."

⁷ Old *Crispus* next, wanton, tho' old, appears,
 His Lust (tho' Power) not yielding to his Years;
 Who thinking the Debate perplex'd and long,
 Sate down and mus'd him with a bawdy Song.

Montanus' Belly next, advancing slow,
 Before the Sweating Senator did go.

⁸ *Crispinus* after, but much sweeter, comes,
 Fainting beneath the Fume of *Indian Gums*.

*Casus, & impulsæ præceps immane ruinæ.
 Ad generum Cereris sine cæde & vulnere pauci
 Descendunt Reges & sicca morte Tyranni.*

* *Nemo magis Rhombum Stupuit:*

⁵ *Non cedit Veiento, sed ut fanaticus Æstro*

⁶ *Percussus, Bellona, tuo divinat; & ingens,
 Omen babes, inquit, magni clarique Triumphi:
 Regem aliquem capies, aut de temone Britanno
 Excidet Arviragus.*

⁷ — *Venit & Crispi jucunda Senectus.*

Montani quoque Venter adest Abdomine tardus:

*Et matutino sudans Crispinus amomo,
 Quantum vix redolent duo funera—*

⁹ *Pompeius* then, well skill'd in the Court Game
Of cutting Throats, with a soft Whisper, came.
Reynardus next besouls the high Abode,
Spewing out *Sporus* Nonfence by the Load.

Next him *Acilius* of an Age the same,
With eager Haste to the grand Council came,
In Temper mild, and bless'd with Share of Sense,
His Manners winning as his Eloquence;
None abler to have sav'd the Land than he,
If, as his Thoughts were just, his Tongue were free;
If it were safe to vent his Gen'rous Heart;
But, *Nero* reigning, 'twas a dangerous Part.
If Power grown absolute Advice could bear;
¹⁰ But what's so tender as a Tyrant's Ear?
With whom whoever, tho' a Fav'rite, spake,
At each cross Vote expos'd his Whole at Stake.
This well he knew, and therefore never try'd,
As some Oafs did, to stem th' impetuous Tide.
"Then *Fuscus* eagerly op'd his Mouth, and spoke,
With many a Hem. but, what was the best Joke,

*Pompeius tenui jugulos aperire susurro:
Proxiqum tuum praeceperat Acilius omni,
Cujus erant mores, qualis facundia, mite
Ingenium. maria, ac terras, populosque regenti
Quis comis utilior, si clade & peste sub illa
Sævitiâ damnare, & honestum asserre liceret*

¹⁰ *Consilium?* —————
Sed quid violentius aure Tyranni?
Cum quo de pluviis, aut aestibus, aut nimbo
Vere locuturi fatum pendebat amici?
Ille igitur nunquam direxit brachia contra
Torrentem. Nec civis erat, qui libera posset
Verba Animi proferre, & vitam impendere verb.

¹¹ *Et qui vulturibus servabat viscera Dacis*
Fuscus.

Mistook

Mistook the Case, till by *Catullus'* Look
Struck Dumb, he strait, with Shame, the *Hall* forsook.

The *Speaker* last uprises, from whose *Bill*
Sweet empty Sounds, and honey Dews distil ;
And many a Word he spoke, and made much Pother,
Declaiming fine, on this, and that, and t'other.
Atlength the great, th' important Question's put ;
¹² Fathers, your Judgment, --- *Shall the Fish be cut ?*
O far, far be't from us, *Montanus* cries,
To do Dishonour to the noble Prize :
A Dish of finest Earth made deep and wide,
Fit to contain it whole, with Speed provide ;
¹³ And henceforth, let a *Potter* always wait,
To serve in these Emergencies of State.
He spoke, ---and straight his Council is observ'd :
With Joy he sees the Fish *entire* preserv'd ;
Well knowing, did they go beneath it's Skin,
They'd find it stink most *cruelly* within.

¹² *Quidnam igitur censes ? conciditur ? absit ab illo
Dedecus hoc, Montanus ait ; testa alta paretur,
Quæ tenuo mura spatiosum colligat orbem.*

¹³ ----- *Sed ex hoc
Tempore jam, Caesar, figuli tua castra sequantur.
Vicit digna viro sententia.*

Mistook the Case, till by Catullus, I look
 Struck dumb, he frist with Shame, the Hall for look.
 The Speecher last upris, from whole Bill
 Sweet empty Sounds, and honey Dews distil;
 And many a Word he spoke, and made much Pother,
 Declaiming fine on this, and that, and t'other.
 At length the great, th' important Question's put;
 "Fathers, your Judgment, -- Shall the Fish be cut?
 O far, far bet from us, Montanus cries,
 To do Dishonour to the noble Prize:
 A Dish of finest Earth made deep and wide,
 Fit to contain it whole, with Speed provide;
 And henceforth, let a Power always wait
 To serve in these Emergencies of State.
 He spoke, -- and straight his Council is observ'd;
 With Joy he sees the Fish entire preserv'd;
 Well knowing, did they go beneath it's Skin,
 They'd find it stink most cruelly within.

"Quidam isur, caput & conditum & ab illo
 "Liberis hoc, Montanus ait, tunc alio pariter,
 "The Latin name, Montanus colligit error.

Set in 16.

"Propter jam, Catullus, fignit tunc caput separatum.
 "Tunc digna erit sententia.

F I N I S